

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES

No. 245

30p



ROGUE MANDROID

A CARTER STORY

We at "Starblazer" want to bring you the very best in Fantasy Fiction. To do that we need *your* help.

So that we can produce the kind of stories you want to read, please fill in the questionnaire on this page and send it to "Starblazer", D. C. Thomson & Co. Ltd., 185 Fleet Street, London EC4A 2HS.

If you don't want to cut your issue of "Starblazer", you can copy the questionnaire onto a sheet of paper.

And there's a chance to win a full-colour print of one of our new-style wraparound covers!

The senders of the ten letters which we judge to be the most informative will each receive one of the prints. We want to hear from you NOW!

Name **Age**

Address

What kind of science fiction do you most enjoy? Please tick appropriate boxes. If you dislike any type of story, place a cross in the box.

SUPERHEROES	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	FANTASY		
DUNGEONS			SWORD AND		
AND DRAGONS	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	SORCERY		
			POST	<input type="checkbox"/>	HORROR
HOLOCAUST	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	STAR WARS		
ADVENTURE	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	DR. WHO		
HUMOUR	<input type="checkbox"/>	<input type="checkbox"/>	MYSTERY		

Where do you normally buy your STARBLAZER? _____

Which is your favourite STARBLAZER story? _____

Which is your favourite character? _____

Which is your favourite science fiction movie? _____

Have you any comments to make about STARBLAZER... good or bad? _____

ROGUE MANDROID


32ND CENTURY ... ADVANCES IN SCIENCE HAVE TURNED THE GALAXY INTO PLANET EARTH'S BACK GARDEN, BUT MANKIND HAS STILL TO LEARN TO CONTROL THE PRIMEVAL INSTINCTS LATENT IN HIS OWN NATURE — WHICH EXPLAINS THE NEED FOR HIGHLY TRAINED LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS SUCH AS CARTER AND NOLAN.

HANGING ABOUT A CUSTOMS POINT ON THIS PLANET ISN'T MY IDEA OF FUN.

LEO WORK ISN'T MEANT TO BE FUN ... AND THAT MAN LOOKS SUSPICIOUS.

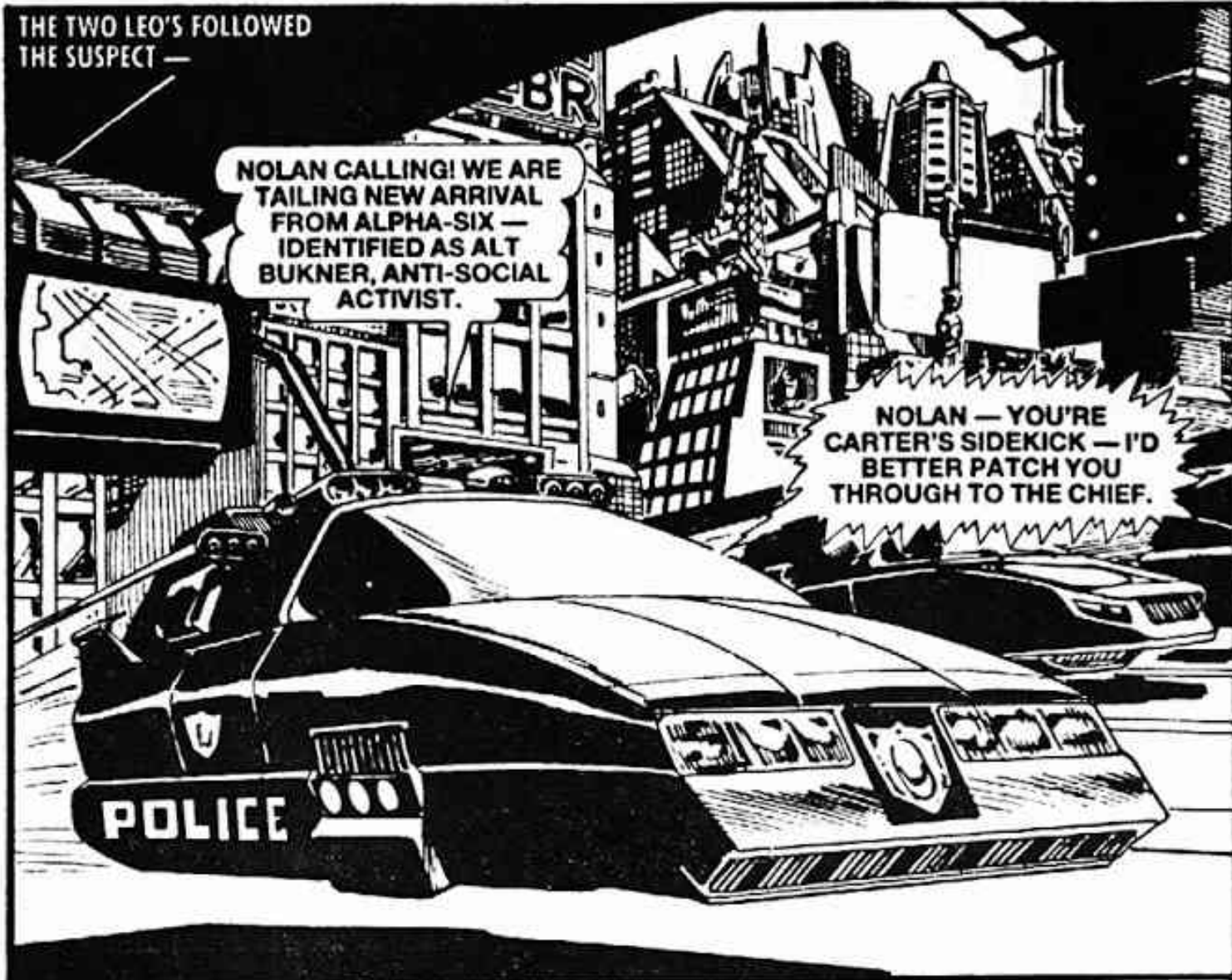


CARTER HAD SPECIAL ABILITIES DUE TO RECONSTRUCTION AFTER AN ACCIDENT.



AN IMPLANT! IT GIVES OFF FALSE BRAINWAVES SO THAT THE USER CAN'T BE IDENTIFIED.

THE TWO LEO'S FOLLOWED THE SUSPECT —

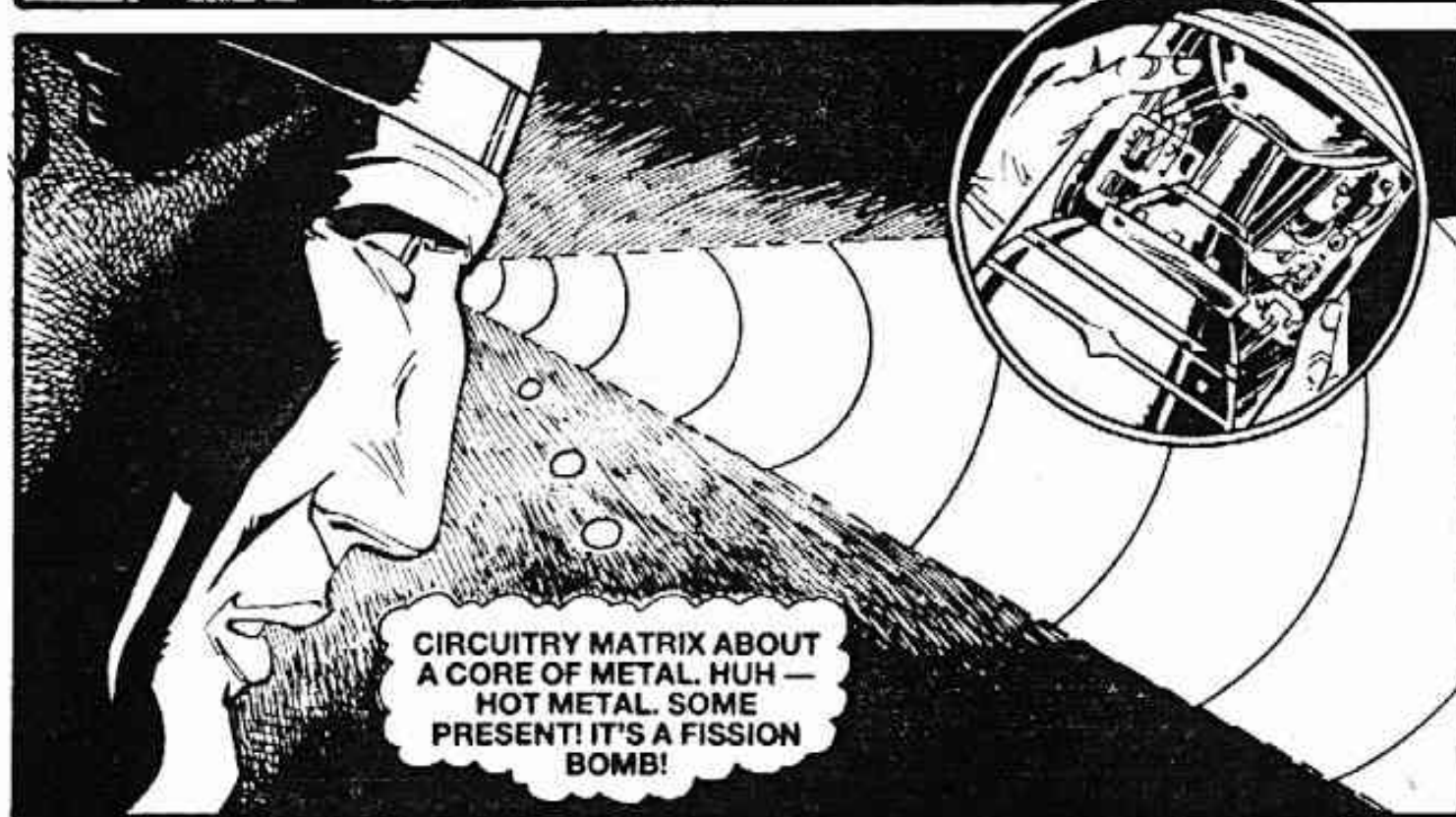


NOLAN CALLING! WE ARE TAILING NEW ARRIVAL FROM ALPHA-SIX — IDENTIFIED AS ALT BUKNER, ANTI-SOCIAL ACTIVIST.

NOLAN — YOU'RE CARTER'S SIDEKICK — I'D BETTER PATCH YOU THROUGH TO THE CHIEF.

POLICE







WEAPONS FLASHED, BUT
CARTER'S BIONIC REFLEXES
WERE THE QUICKEST ...



BUKNER DODGED
AWAY, BUT HE MUST BE
SOMEWHERE CLOSE.
HOW COULD I HAVE
MISSED A SIMPLE SHOT
LIKE THAT?

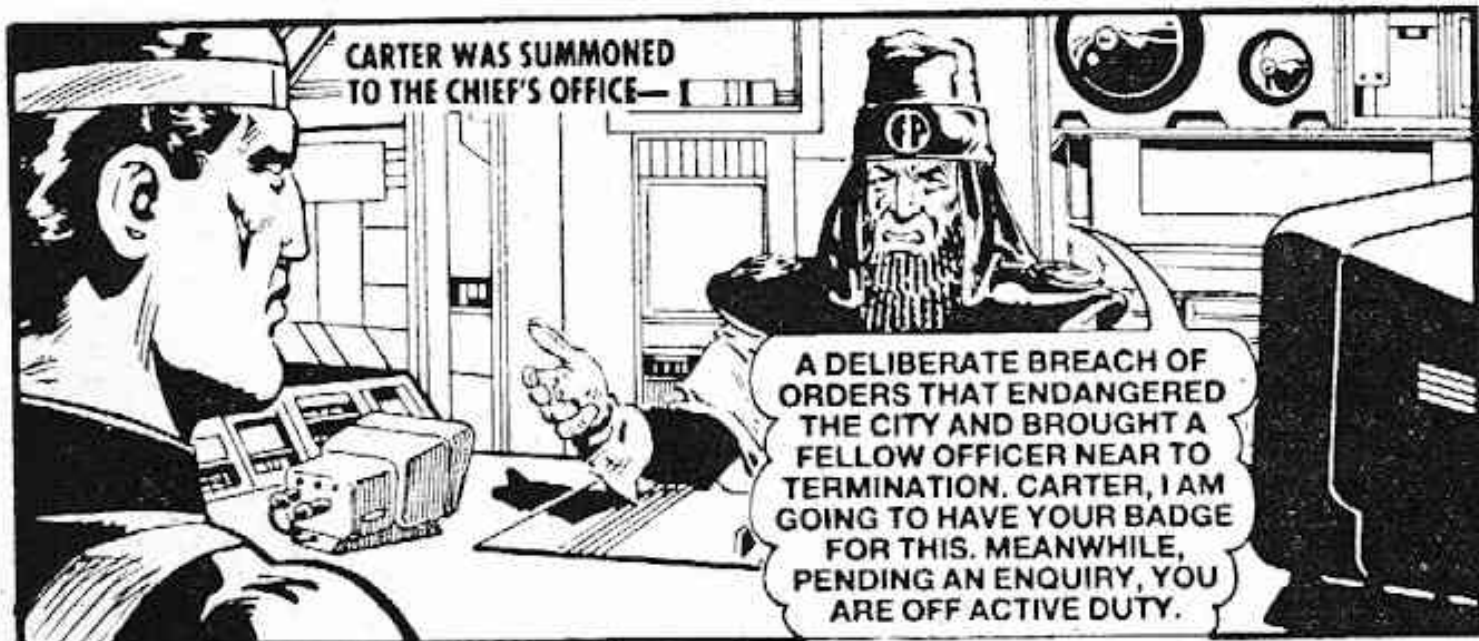
CARTER'S AUDIOSENSORS GAVE HIM
SUDDEN WARNING ...



HE'S BEHIND ME.







CARTER'S GONE CRAZY! HE'S JUST SMASHED UP ONE OF MY UNITS.

MY ARM MOVED WITHOUT MY WILLING IT. WHAT IS HAPPENING TO ME?

TAKE IT EASY, CARTER. WE'VE ORDERS TO ESCORT YOU TO THE BIOLAB.

THAT'S WHERE I INTEND GOING, BOYS. NO NEED FOR THE STUNNERS.

IN THE BIOLAB, CARTER'S SYNTHISKIN WAS REMOVED TO REVEAL HIS CIRCUITRY.

NO EVIDENCE OF MALFUNCTION. DIAGNOSIS — ERRANT BEHAVIOUR DUE TO SUBCONSCIOUS MENTAL IMPULSE.

YOU MEAN, I'M CRACKING UP! GREAT NEWS, DOC.





CARTER HEADED FOR THE SEAM — AN AREA OF THE CITY WHERE POLICE WERE NOT POPULAR ...

BURN ME IF IT ISN'T THE GREAT CARTER IN PERSON.

HI, CARTER! WE HEAR YOU'VE TAKEN TO BLASTING YOUR OWN FUZZ BUDDIES. KEEP UP THE GOOD WORK!

I'M JUST NOT IN THE MOOD FOR IDLE CHIT-CHAT!







DON'T RUN OUT
ON ME, SPARKY.

CARTER! CAN'T YOU BLUES
GIVE A MAN ANY PEACE? I
SWEAR I HAVEN'T DONE
ANY ILLEGAL
PROGRAMMING SINCE MY
LAST TRIP TO THE
SLAMMER.





SPARKY STAKUS, ONE-TIME
LECTURER IN MICRO-ELECTRONICS,
BECAME BUSY ...

I'VE SET UP A PROGRAMME
TO RUN THE CIRCUIT READ-
OUT THROUGH A COMPUTER
AND THEN FOLLOW UP WITH
AN INPUT OF CONTROL
PULSES—

JUST GET
ON WITH IT.

AN HOUR LATER ...

**BiP
BiP**

CARTER, COME LOOK AT THIS.
WE'RE ON TO SOMETHING.

THE REGAL CRYSTAL HAS AN UNSTABLE MOLECULAR STRUCTURE WHICH CAN RESULT IN INSULATION FAILURE. THIS CAUSES IMPULSES THAT SHOULDN'T BE TRANSMITTED TO BE TRANSMITTED.

BiP

A REJECT ... BUT WHY ARE REJECTS IN USE?

CARTER ROUNDED UP THE DOCTOR AND WENT TO THE CHIEF —

CARTER! WHAT THE —

YOU'D BETTER LISTEN TO HIM, SIR. IT COULD BE IMPORTANT.

THE CHIEF LISTENED ...

BiP

CONTROL

1 MARK SOFT

MALFUNCTION DUE TO FAULTING NOT PREVIOUSLY FOUND IN THIS NEW CRYSTAL DESPITE STRINGENT TESTING, EH! A GRAVE ALLEGATION WHICH I AM PREPARED TO GIVE YOU THE CHANCE OF PROVING.



CARTER REACTED —





HELPLESS, CARTER WAS STRETCHERED OFF —

THAT WILL BE ALL, OFFICERS.
NOW YOU MAY LEAVE ME WITH
THE PATIENT.

AN ANTIDOTE TO RESTORE
YOUR POWER OF
LOCOMOTION — OF WHICH
I TRUST YOU WILL NOT
TAKE ADVANTAGE AND
MISBEHAVE.

WHAT IS DOC
GETTING AT?







CARTER TOOK OFF ...

DOC'S FIVE MINUTES
ARE JUST ABOUT UP.





ATTENTION ALL UNITS IN
CENTRAL QUADRANT.
BRING IN SUSPECT
PRESUMED TRAVELLING IN
STANDARD SERVICE
PATROLLER. BE WARNED —
SUSPECT IS OFFICER
CARTER, DERANGED
MANDROID.



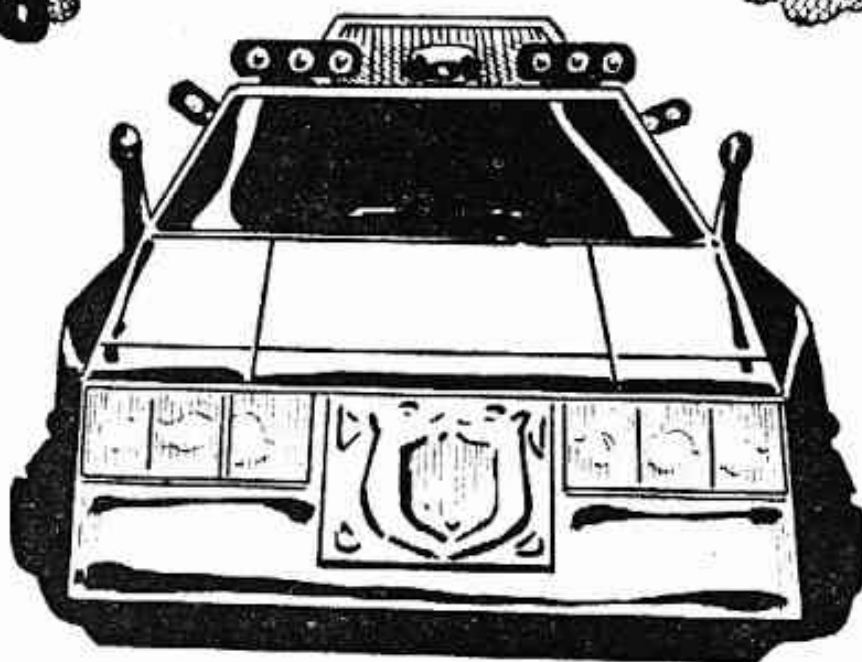
BETTER DUCK FOR COVER
BEFORE MY CONTROLS ARE HIT
BY A SNATCHBEAM.



HALF A MINUTE LATER...




ALL SYSTEMS JAMMED —
WE HAVE FULL CONTROL.
SUSPECT NOT
RESPONDING TO
COMMUNICATION.
ATTEMPT.






CARTER MOVED ON...



A COP ON THE RUN HAS
NO FRIENDS. SO I'LL
JUST HAVE TO MAKE
USE OF MY REGULAR
ENEMIES — BUT BY
WAY OF THE BACK
DOOR.



MAIN DRAINAGE CHANNEL.
THIS AREA OUGHT TO BE
KNOWN AS THE SEWER
INSTEAD OF THE SEAM.





CARTER'S REFLEXES SAVED HIM, BUT NOT COMPLETELY ...



SPARKY STAKUS, ONE-TIME SCIENCE
LECTURER, TOOK A LAST JOURNEY ...



CARTER WENT THE OTHER WAY ...



IT WASN'T —

THE MAIN DRAINAGE — URGH!



SPLASH



HE MUST HAVE THE USE OF
INFRA-RED! MINE
FAILED . . . IT SHOULD HAVE
PICKED HIM UP.



RODENT TERRITORY.



CARTER BROUGHT HIS BIONICS INTO PLAY ...



I JUST WANT
SOME INFORMATION.



TWO OF THE CRIMOS SCUTTLED AWAY —

AN OLD CHEMICAL
COMBUSTION HANDGUN.
CRUDE, BUT ADEQUATE
FOR TAKING OFF THE HEAD
OF A SEWER RAT.

ER... WHAT WERE YOU
WANTING TO KNOW?

NOW WE'RE UNDER
CENTRAL QUADRANT HQ —
THE MAIN COPSHOP. LOTS
OF GOOD STUFF GETS
WASHED DOWN FROM
THERE.


CARTER WANTED TO KNOW
WHERE SOMEBODY
STAYED —

I MUST REMEMBER TO
COMPLIMENT THE CHIEF
ON THE QUALITY OF OUR
GARBAGE.



CARTER SURFACED BY NIGHT...



A black and white comic book illustration. In the foreground, a muscular man in a dark suit and boots walks away from the viewer on a paved path. He is looking towards a large, multi-story building in the background. The building has a modern, somewhat industrial design with many windows. To the right of the path, there are several tall palm trees and other tropical plants. A speech bubble comes from the man, containing the text: "THIS IS THE PLACE! NOW TO FIND OUT IF MY DATABASE IS PROPERLY FUNCTIONING AND CAN GIVE ME THE SECURITY ON THIS LOCALITY." The scene is set in a lush, tropical environment with various plants and trees. The man's suit is dark and form-fitting, and he has a determined expression. The path he is walking on is made of square tiles. The building in the background has a prominent central tower and several wings. The overall style is that of a classic comic book illustration, with bold lines and high contrast.

THIS IS THE PLACE! NOW TO
FIND OUT IF MY DATABASE IS
PROPERLY FUNCTIONING
AND CAN GIVE ME THE
SECURITY ON THIS LOCALITY.



LATER ...

INADEQUATE QUALITY OF NERVE LINKAGE, BUT AT LEAST YOU HAVE AN ARM OF SORTS. NOW I WOULD LIKE TO SHOW YOU A REASON WHY THE CHIEF MAY BE ACTING SO SEVERELY.

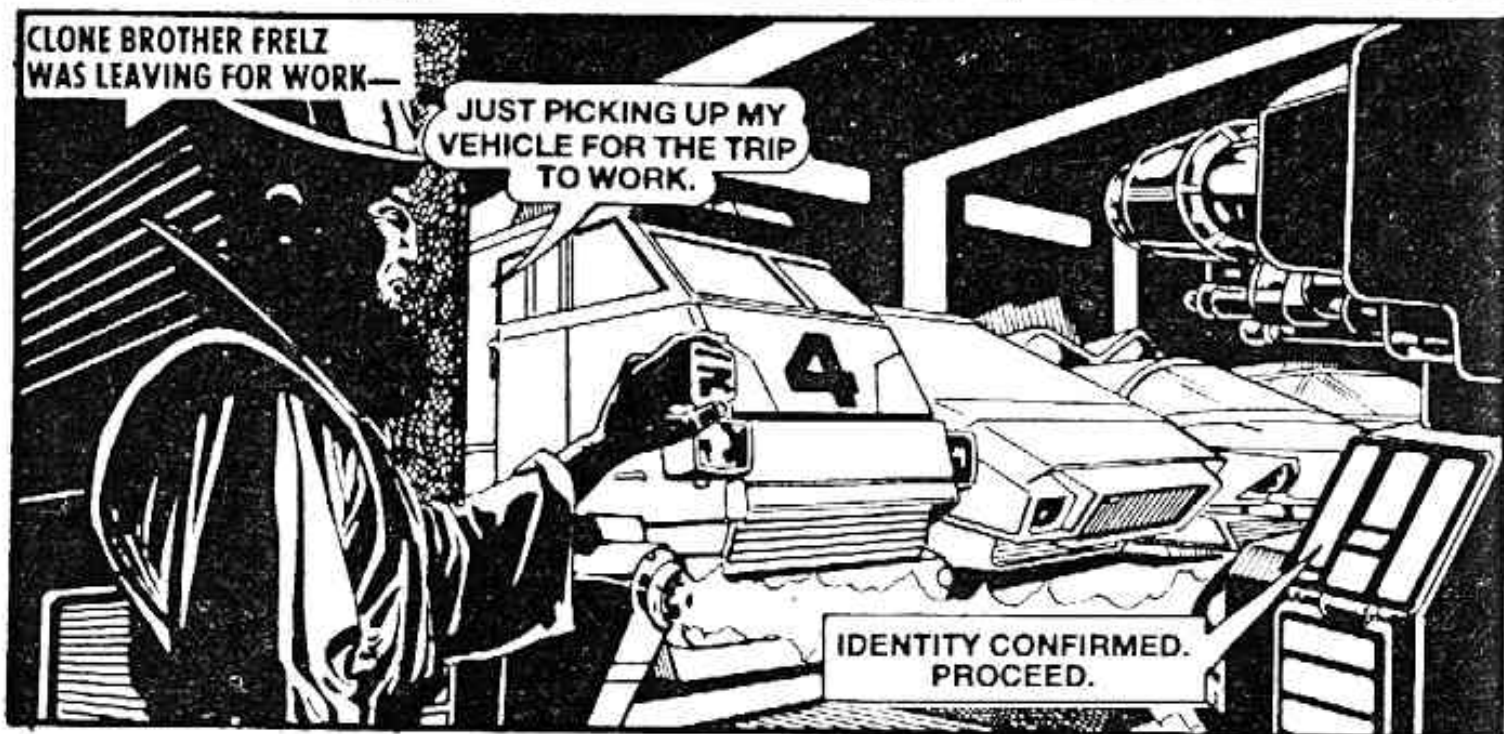
ONE OF THE CHIEF'S CLONE BROTHERS — WHO JUST HAPPENS TO BE IN CHARGE OF ORDERING SUPPLIES FOR THE FORCE.

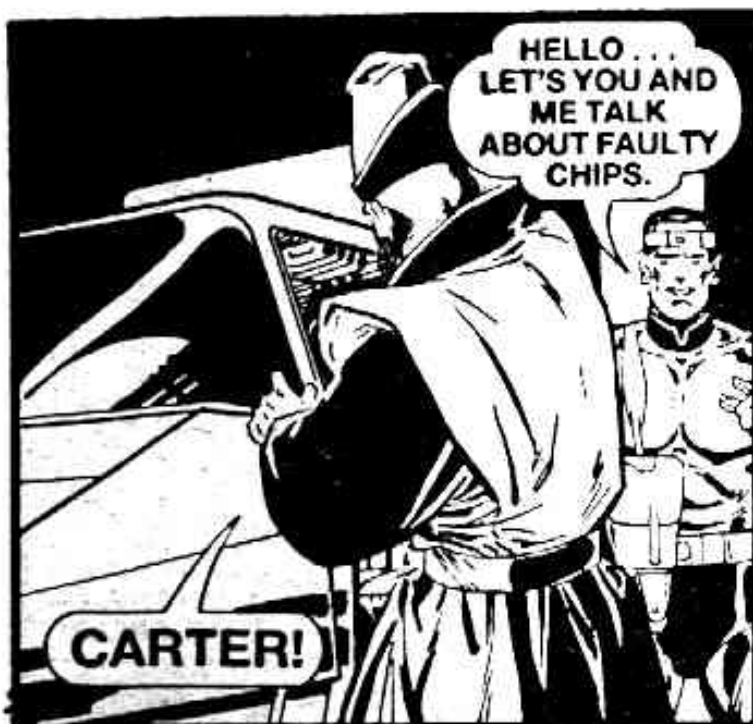
SO THE CHIEF MAY BE COVERING UP A MISTAKE BY HIS CLONE. HUM! MIGHT BE AN IDEA TO PATCH INTO THE DUTY ROSTER.

CARTER LEFT BEFORE DAWN —

KNOW SOMETHING, CARTER? IF YOU WERE A BIT MORE HUMAN I MIGHT QUITE LIKE YOU!

IF I WERE A BIT MORE HUMAN I WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS ...







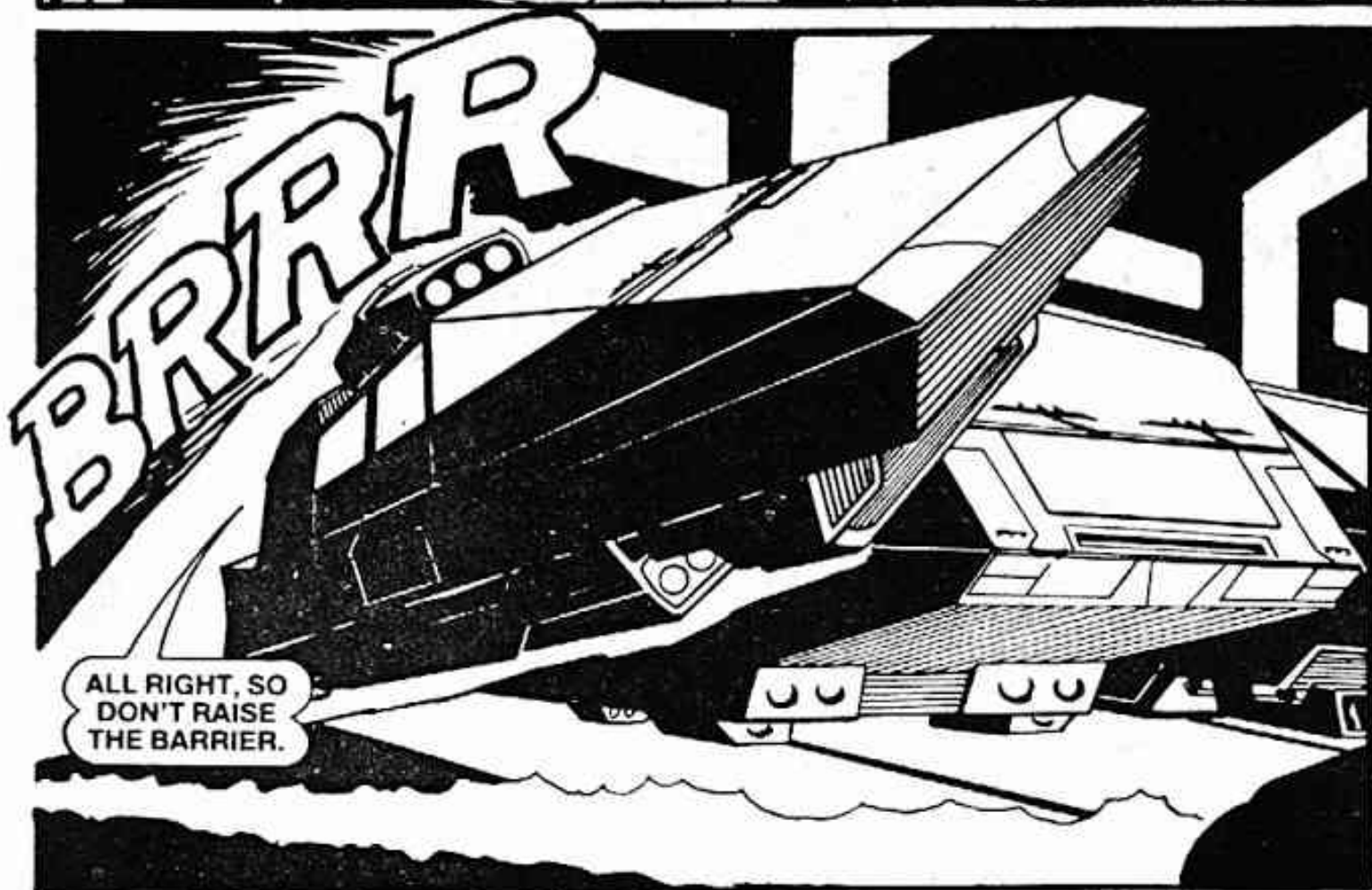
CARTER WAS CARRIED IN
THE CLONE'S VEHICLE.

NOW A LITTLE DRIVE —
JUST YOU AND ME.

OPEN THE BARRIER.

CLICK!

NEGATIVE IDENTITY.
DOES NOT COMPUTE.



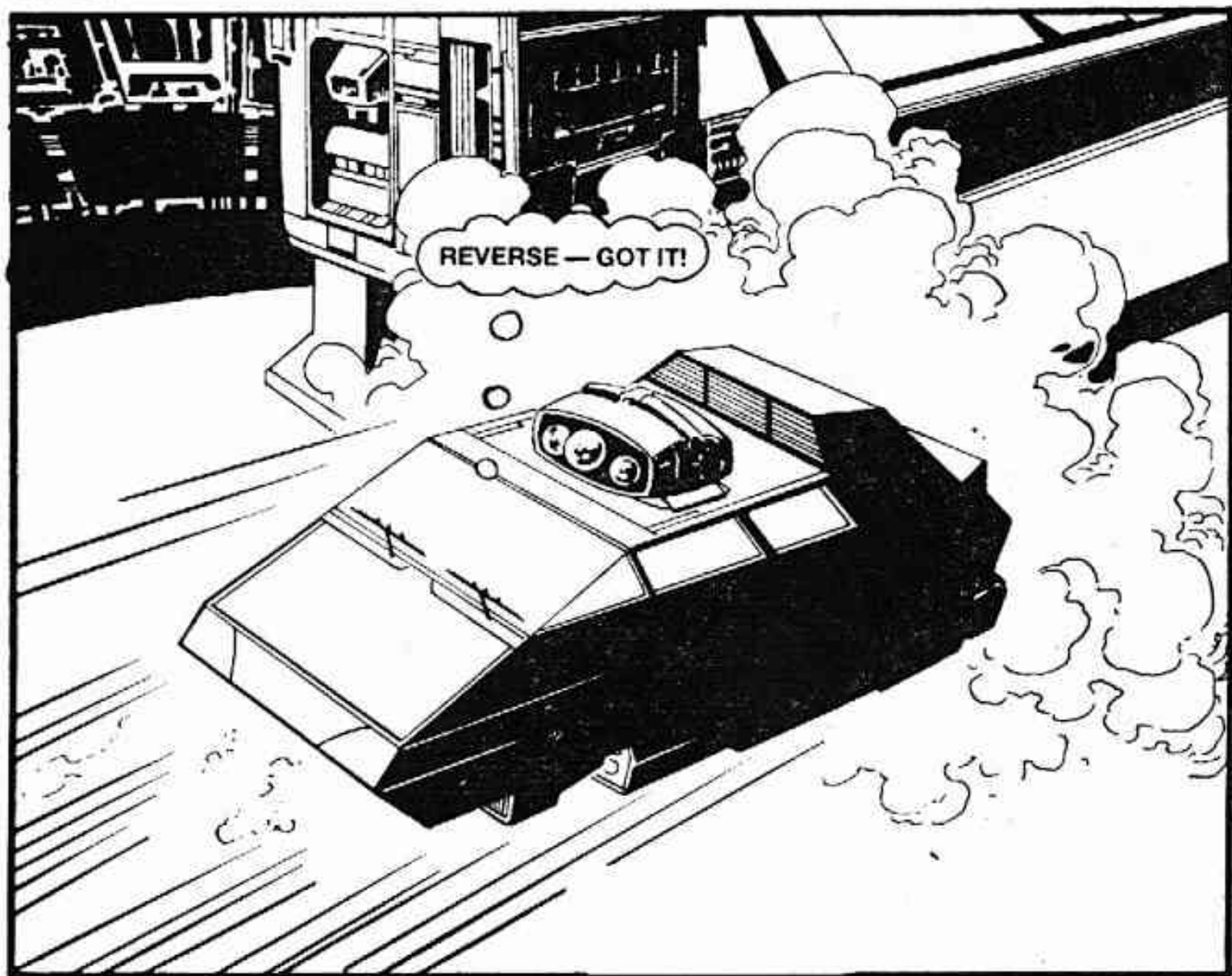
ALL RIGHT, SO
DON'T RAISE
THE BARRIER.

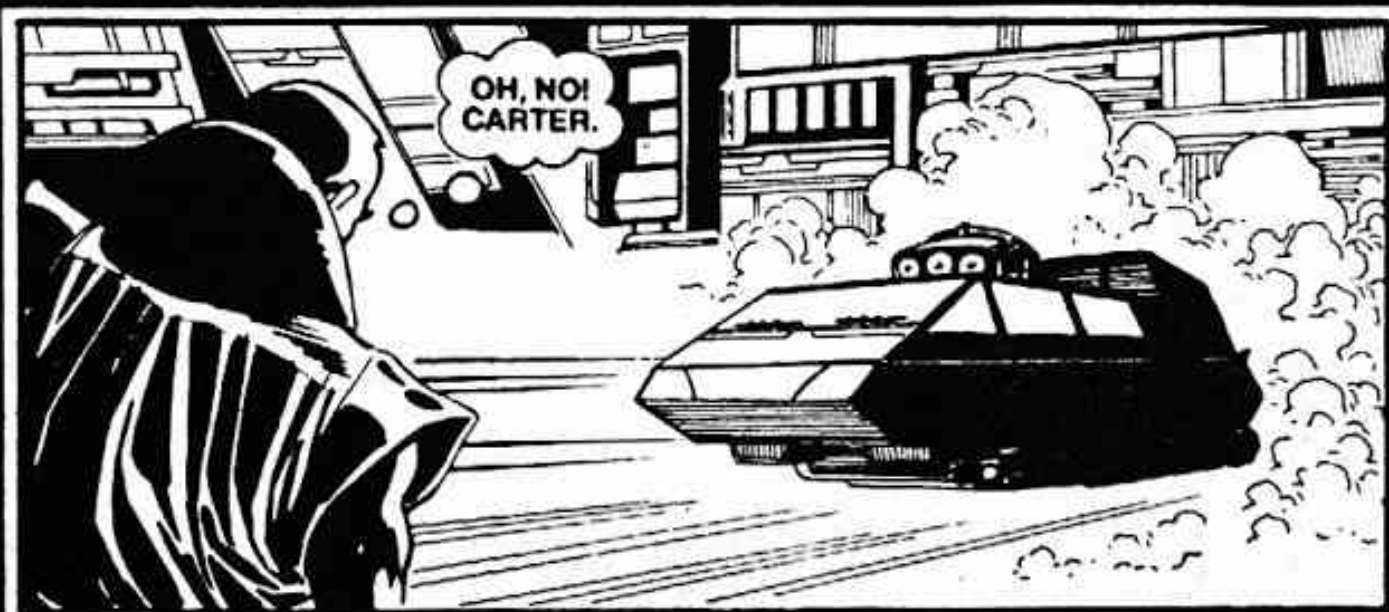


CARTER CONCENTRATED ALL HIS
ENERGY ON MOVING HIS HAND.

GOT TO DO
SOMETHING!

REVERSE — GOT IT!





CARTER MANAGED ENOUGH
MOBILITY TO FIRE THE SEWER
RAT'S OLD PISTOL...

BANG!





MANDROID KROL BECAME LIFELESS ...



CARTER SET THE VEHICLE ON AUTO AFTER PUTTING HIS I.D. CARDS ON THE BODY.





INITIAL EXAMINATION OF THE REMAINS INDICATES THEY ARE THOSE OF OFFICER CARTER, THE SUBJECT OF A POLICE HUNT ON SEVERAL SERIOUS CHARGES...

VIDEO

CARTER WENT UNDERGROUND AGAIN...



SHOULD TAKE THE HEAT OFF ME FOR A WHILE. NOW HOW DO I GET A RUNDOWN ON MAK KROL — AS IF I DIDN'T KNOW.

THIS IS WHERE THAT SEWER RAT SAID THE QUALITY GARBAGE GETS WASHED DOWN FROM CENTRAL QUADRANT HQ.





CARTER MADE STEALTHY PROGRESS THROUGH THE NIGHT-SILENT HEADQUARTERS...

NOW TO USE THE CHIEF'S OWN MONITOR FOR A LOOK AT THE HEADQUARTERS' MEMORY BANKS.

CARTER PEEKED ...



MAK KROL IS NEW IDENTITY OF VIOLENT RECIDIVIST SERVING LIFE TERM UNTIL BIOLOGICAL-ELECTRONIC RECONSTRUCTION FOLLOWING SEVERE RADIATION OVERDOSE IN FUSION FLARE AT PELAN INSTITUTION. SUBJECT PAROLED AFTER SATISFACTORY MENTAL CONDITIONING.

SATISFACTORY, HUH! LET'S DIG DEEPER INTO THIS CASE HISTORY.

CARTER HACKED AT THE MONITOR FOR AN HOUR ...



SO THAT'S WHO DID KROL'S RECONSTRUCTION! CHIEF, YOU ARE IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE.



NEXT MOVE IS TO SEE IF I CAN RENT A HOVCAR ON THE LATE MAK KROL'S PLASTIC CREDIT.

HE COULDI LATER — DRIVING
INTO THE BACKLANDS ...

THERE IT IS! SYMBIONT
INC — RESEARCH
CONSORTIUM AND
AUTOMATED
CONSTRUCTION PLANT.



MAK KROL WORKED IN
SECURITY HERE — SO LET'S
FIND IF HIS PASS-CARD
WILL GET ME IN.

THE ENTRANCE OPENED ...

TWO VISITORS VEHICLES
HERE — AND I KNOW ONE
OF THOSE FLIVERS.

BZZ


RESEARCH AND CONTROL
WILL BE UP IN THE
GALLERY. VIDSCAN ON THE
ELEVATORS MEANS I WON'T
BE ABLE TO RIDE UP THERE.












I ASSUME YOU WERE NOT
THE CHARRED REMAINS IN
THAT BURNED-OUT
VEHICLE, CARTER.


THAT WAS YOUR BOY KROL,
DOC — AND YOU ARE UNDER
ARREST ALONG WITH THOSE TWO
SLIMY PROFITEERS.



I DOUBT YOU WILL BE ABLE TO
ENFORCE ANY ARREST AFTER
YOUR RECYCLED REJECT
CRYSTALS HAVE BEEN
SUBJECTED TO A DOSE OF
FIBRILLATION.

AAAAA —

THE MACHINE CAUSED CARTER'S MICROCHIPS TO SEND CONFUSED MESSAGES TO HIS LIMBS.

A black and white comic panel showing a man, Carter, in a state of distress. He is wearing a dark, form-fitting suit with a high collar and a belt. He is leaning forward, his head tilted back, and his mouth open as if shouting or in pain. His right hand is raised, palm facing forward, with fingers spread. The background is dark and smoky, suggesting a chaotic or dangerous environment. A large, stylized white letter 'E' is visible on a dark surface in the lower right corner.

EVERY NERVE END'S
JANGLING — AHH —
LOST MY STUNNER.

THE BLAST KNOCKED
CARTER SKIDDING
ACROSS THE FLOOR.

PURELY OUT OF INTEREST,
CARTER — HOW DID YOU GET ON
TO ME?

THE ANSWER CAME IN A
FLASH WHEN I FOUND
YOU'D HANDLED KROL'S
RECONSTRUCTION, DOC.





ON HEARING THE NOISE, SHE TURNED AND FIRED —

SO THERE
YOU ARE.



NO ... I'M HERE!

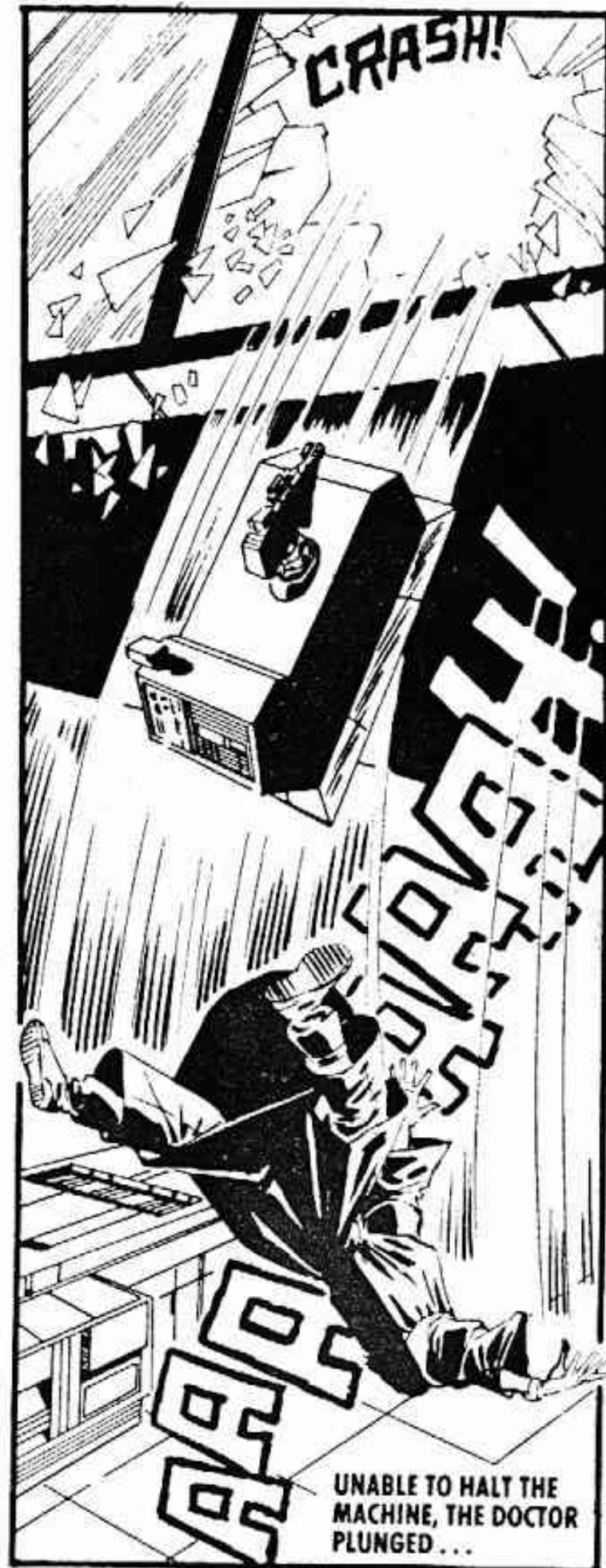



CARTER COMPELLED HIS FAILING BIO-ELECTRONICS INTO A LAST DESPERATE EFFORT...

DON'T USE IT AGAIN!

THE HOVERING MACHINE TRUNDLED TOWARDS THE WINDOW —

OH, NO — HELP ME, CARTER — PLEASE!





OFFICER, YOU WILL HAVE NO TROUBLE FROM US. WE WERE REALLY INNOCENT PARTIES TO THIS TERRIBLE BUSINESS.

THEN SHOW WHAT NICE FELLOWS YOU ARE BY MAKING A CALL TO QUADRANT HEADQUARTERS.

ONE WEEK LATER OFFICER NOLAN WAS JOINED BY A FELLOW INVALID ...



HI, CARTER! I HEARD YOU'D HAD TO BE RECONSTRUCTED.

EVERY CHIP REPLACED BY THE OLD TYPE. GOOD TO SEE YOU LOOKING BETTER, NOLAN.

CARTER HAD A VISITOR . . .

MY CLONE BROTHER AND THE DOCTOR ACQUIRED THE REJECT CRYSTALS, TOOK THE DEPARTMENT MONEY AND SPLIT IT. THEY WERE MAKING A FORTUNE FROM SHODDY MATERIALS!

YEAH . . . AND IT ALMOST CAUSED THE DEATH OF TWO GOOD COPS, ME AND NOLAN! GREED . . . A HUMAN FAILING. JUST AS WELL I'M NOT HUMAN!



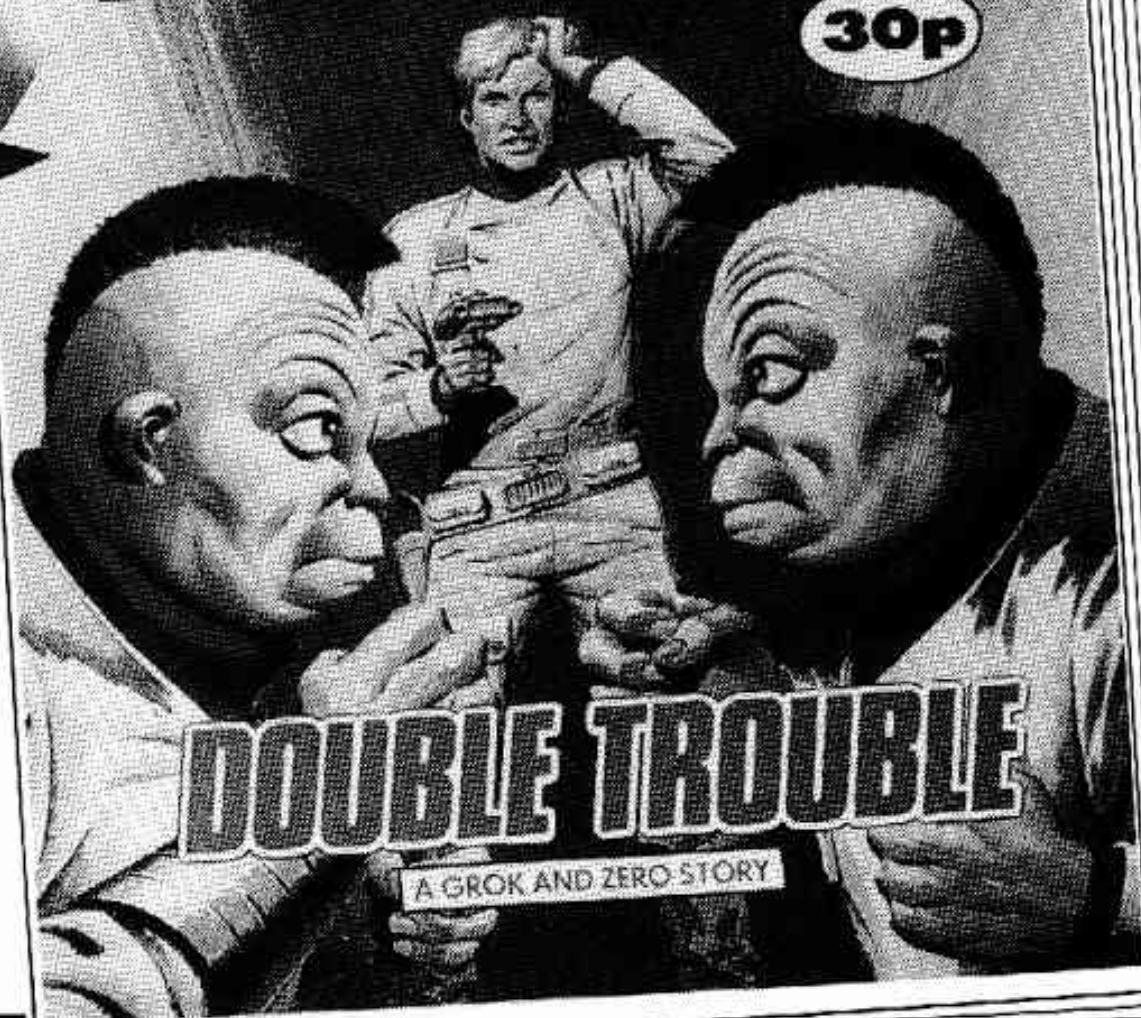
**DON'T
MISS**

**THIS MONTH'S OTHER
ACTION-PACKED
ADVENTURE**

STARBLAZER

FANTASY FICTION IN PICTURES No. 244

30p



NOW ON SALE

ROGUE MANDROID

Carter the super efficient mandroid cop was in big trouble. The bionics that gave him his enhanced reactions were malfunctioning — that was disastrous for him and nearly fatal for his partner. So Carter started investigating in the way only he can . . . and discovered he was a small cog in a giant wheel of corruption.



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